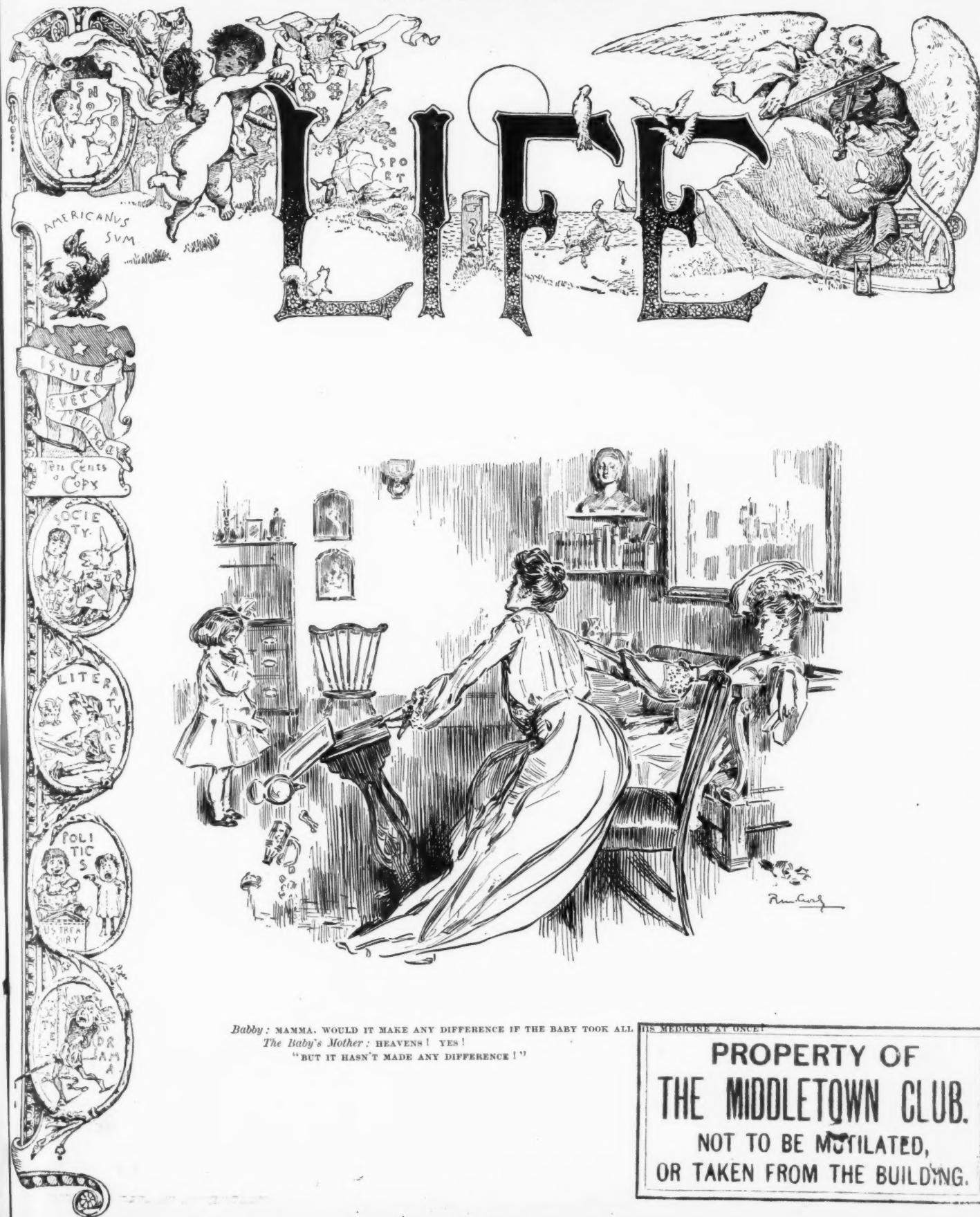


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Baby: MAMMA, WOULD IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF THE BABY TOOK ALL HIS MEDICINE AT ONCE?
The Baby's Mother: HEAVENS! YES!
 "BUT IT HASN'T MADE ANY DIFFERENCE!"

PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
 NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
 OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



Chickering Pianos

The pre-eminence of these instruments is due principally to their exquisite tone. It is peculiar to them. No other maker, though probably all have tried, has succeeded in reproducing it.

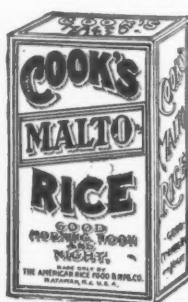
The Name Guarantees the Highest Quality of Workmanship and Finish

CHICKERING & SONS

CATALOGUE UPON REQUEST

796 Tremont Street, Boston

Cook's Malto-Rice, A Pure, Perfectly Cooked Rice Malted.



RICE contains more nutriment and supplies more energy to the human body than anything that grows out of the ground.

MALT as a marvelously beneficial stimulant man has known for generations, but only yesterday did he learn to combine it to the greatest advantage.

COOK'S MALTO-RICE

is a perfect blending of Malt and Rice.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Shaving—and Saving

Shaving with greater comfort, luxury, convenience.

Saving in time, temper and money. A single stick affords over 300 shaves. No cup required. Only the shaving stick and brush.

25c. of all druggists.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Redfern Whalebone Corsets



Designed by Genius

Made with Skill

Redfern Corsets take precedence over all others—Parisian or American—in their fitness to the figure of the American woman and their conformity to the new Fall modes.

The models are exceedingly artistic in appearance and absolutely accurate in fit and design. Many have attached jarretelles which hold the corsets smoothly on the form by the slight tension necessary to support the hose.

Prices range from \$3.00 to \$15.00 per pair.
THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.

LIFE



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE,
TOUCH NOT A SINGLE BOUGH.
IN YOUTH IT SHELTERED ME,
AND I'LL PROTECT IT NOW."

Salut au Chauffeur.

(SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY WALT WHITMAN.)

A SONG of the automobile! A carol of the festive Red Devil! A yodel of the goggle-eyed chauffeur, sitting aplomb in the midst of devastation! A chant of speeds, tires, tonneaus, spark-plugs, poppet-valves, collet-pins, high-clutches, this shall be my morning romanza! See the locomokomobile scooting through my poem! The waft and aura of gasoline floating through my morning romanza! The squawk and scatter of chickens, the squeal of the old rooster who didn't jump quick enough. See! The robust Manhattanese, attired in the usual costume, agile, elusive, profane just at present, getting out of the road for dear life! The impotence of his cuss words! The uselessness of the protests of the apoplectic old lady! See! The over-curious calf standing in the middle of the road; the dog, imprudent, unforeseeing; the two instantly transformed into veal or sausage. *Allons, mes enfans!* Whoop!

See! The festive chauffeur, rampant, chantant, jubilant, moving the lever to let the speed out another notch! Libertad! See the wagon, the horses rearing and plunging! He is upon them. Crash! That was a good one! The friendly and flowing rustic, where is he?

I am not only the poet of the chauffeur; I do not decline to be the poet of the cop also.

See the suburban cop standing, ready to pinch those who break the speed laws! The locomokoko furious arriving, the chauffeur refusing to stop; the jigger, enraged, shooting the tire of the car; the tire punctured, the Red Devil stopped.

See the cop dragging the chauffeur before a police judge; the judge imposing a fine; the chauffeur, reluctant, paying it. Justitia, *ma femme*, I salute you! I perceive that once in awhile you get there with both feet! *Horace B. Matthews.*

Fame.

"HOW do they get on together?"

"Famously! They quarrel continually, and their quarrels all get into the newspapers."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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building line, after four months of idleness, though we understand that most of Sam Parks's housesmiths are still at leisure. When they do work they get four dollars and a half a day, which is thought to be high wages for work involving more strength than skill. But out of that has to come the union's dues; and, after all, the wages that men might get if they worked, but don't, is a matter of purely academic interest. Everybody knows what effect our local labor troubles have had in delaying completion of the subway, stopping building operations, and causing the postponement or abandonment of many building plans. Everybody knows, too, that conditions more or less like those we have suffered from have prevailed in most other centres of population in the country. Most of us are satisfied that organized labor, under leaders of the Sam Parks stripe, has lately gone to impossible extremes in its demands, and has been ruthless, lawless and destructive in its methods. Anybody can see that all this is bad for business and is having effects that pinch the country in that exceedingly sensitive spot, the pocket. Now then, how much of all

this excess of labor trouble and strike activity is due to the action of President Roosevelt in meddling last winter with the coal strike?



THE immediate effects of the President's final, successful intervention were good. We got coal. A good commission was appointed, which dealt intelligently and justly with the issues in dispute. But the President's intervention gave deep offense and alarm to a great many pretty long-headed men, who have never ceased from that time to this to denounce it as altogether mischievous and ill-advised, and who now attribute to it pretty much everything that has since happened that has been bad for trade. *The Sun* is as lucid a spokesman as persons of this opinion have. *The Sun* declares that Mr. Roosevelt, because of his lack of business experience and intuitions, and because of the ardor with which he pursued the labor vote, "has plunged the whole country into a condition of turmoil and unrest, the like of which has never before been known in its history or in that of any other country." The argument is that when the President allowed himself to be drawn into the coal-strike controversy, he strengthened the hands of all the labor leaders, encouraging them to go on from one excess to another, and at the same time "disheartened the employers of labor, and weakened their natural resistance to extortion and tyranny." As for the assertion that he interposed only in an extreme emergency when the lack of coal threatened appalling consequences, his critics reply that if he had let the strike severely alone from the start, it would have been settled months sooner and on better terms for the men than they finally got.

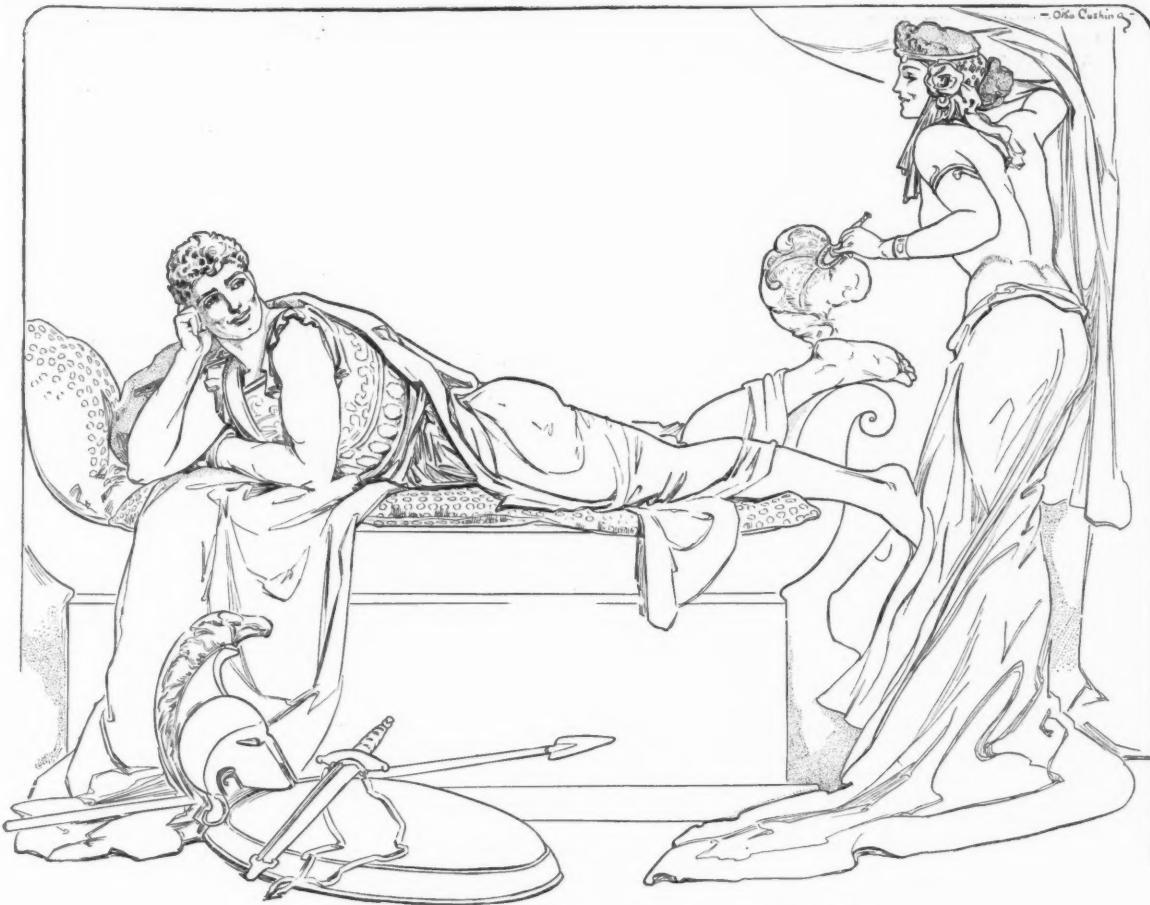


THESE critics seem to us to take an extreme position and to attribute to the President's intervention a great many ill results that were due to over-speculation, rotten financing, and other causes. But it may be they

are not entirely wrong, and that the undoubted excesses, tyrannies and impertinences of the labor bosses have been aggravated by the President's action in the coal-strike case. But in so far, if at all, as President Roosevelt did a mischief by flirting with organized labor, we look to see him set himself right. He seems altogether disposed to do so. The Miller case in Washington has served to indicate where he stands. The printers' union demanded Miller's discharge as foreman of the Government Printing Office because he is not a union printer, but Miller has not been discharged yet, and there is no present prospect that he will be.



THE truth is that we are all getting very tired of labor bosses, and their rules and their whims and their crimes. They have wantonly throttled the building industry here and kept their men in idleness all summer, when wages were high and jobs pressing. Some unions expel members who join the militia. The printers' union in Albany lately demanded that only union-label schoolbooks should be used in the Albany public schools, and a pusillanimous Common Council voted to urge the Board of Education to acquiesce. That's going much too far. When trades unions outlaw the State militia, dictate to Uncle Sam whom he shall employ, dictate to cities what books children shall use in the public schools, proscribe all workers who will not submit to them, and glorify convicted felons in their conventions and parades, it is time they were stood up to. In whatever they do within the law they are entitled to protection. But when their acts transcend the law, and when their bosses dictate what the law shall be, then the rest of us are entitled to protection. We want terrorism, blackmail and extortion to stop. We want the law, the police, the militia, the President, the whole people to stand by the honest workman who is ready to work, and the honest employer who is ready to employ him. There are no trusts now that are so arrogant, so despotic, and so scornful of law and human rights, as some of the labor trusts.



Briseis: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I DISCOVERED YOUR VULNERABLE SPOT?
Achilles: I'D BE TICKLED TO DEATH, I'M SURE.

To My Dog.

THEY sing of love, Virginia's love for Paul ;
 Hero's for Greek Leander, whom the waves
 Brought to her feet lifeless beyond recall ;
 Abelard's love for Heloise, their graves
 The mark of it ; and these are passions all
 Of which the sentimental poet raves.
 But yet another love, and not the least,
 Where Cupid plays no part, yet hearts confide,
 Firm as the Heathen's worship for the East,
 Loyal and true it cometh to abide ;
 A love that needeth neither oath nor priest,
 The love of beast for man and man for beast.
 Then, Poet, place it in Love's catalogue,
 His love for me and mine for my old dog.

Jean Rushmore.

His Assistant.

FIRST LAWYER: Does your assistant know anything about law?

SECOND LAWYER: Not a thing. We only keep him to draw up wills.

SOCIETY GIRL (*to Class in the Slums*): Then, children, I can expect you all at my home, 22,401 Fifth Avenue, for a little party on next Saturday? Don't forget the number of the house, 22,401 Fifth Avenue.

LITTLE SLUMLET: Front or rear, teacher?



"JUST THE PLACE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR."

• LIFE •



MARTHA WOLFENSTEIN is the latest of that long line of the singers of Israel which has stretched down the centuries since one of them wept by the waters of Babylon. The infinite sadness, pathos and beauty, which are the flower of oppression, bloom in her "Idyls of the Gass," the tale of little Shimmel of the *Judengasse*, or Jew's Street, of an Austrian village. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

A very tasteful volume treating of the English porcelains and potteries of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, by N. Hudson Moore, is called *The Old China Book*. The text, while not infallible, is interesting, and the book contains a most useful reference list of the English and American scenes printed on the old Staffordshire ware. The many illustrations deserve high praise. (Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.00.)

Castle Omerach is an Irish tale of 1649 by F. Frankfort Moore. The life and love affairs at the castle, the attitude of Ireland toward Cromwell and his army, and the general Hibernian and Kilkenny nature of the Irish themselves are set forth in a rather long-drawn-out but quite readable and often amusing story. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

It is difficult to recognize the work of

Myrtle Reed in the pages of *The Shadow of Victory*, a romance of Fort Dearborn, deficient in action and overburdened with much talk. The author of *The Love Letters of a Musician* and *Lavender and Old Lace* can ill be spared to labor in so uncongenial a field. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

I. K. Friedman's *Autobiography of a Beggar* contains some very amusing pictures of Hobodom. The book is far from a serious dip into sociology, although the beggar claims to have written his life at the request of an "antropolgist," but there is quite enough truth in the fun to season the dish. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

One cannot but wish that A. C. M., the author of *The Reflections of a Lonely Man*, had been content to give us his thoughts without copying the machinery of *The Reveries of a Bachelor* for their promulgation. However, he thinks many good things and the little book will pay to dip into. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.00.)

Truly, out of the books for babes and sucklings we may sometimes gather wisdom. There is no tyro gardener, whether a raiser of roses or radishes, who may not get some most suggestive information from *Agriculture for Beginners*, a most excellent little primer by Charles W. Burkett, Frank L. Stevens and Daniel H. Hill. (Ginn and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hero Stories from American History. By



ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

EVENING DRESS.—ONE-THIRD OFF.

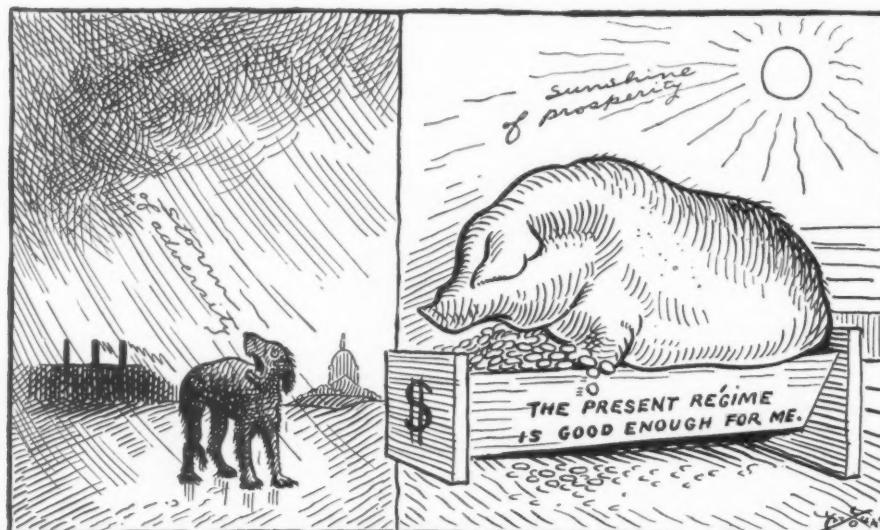
Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. (Ginn and Company.)
Colomba. By Prosper Merimee, with introductory notes by Albert Schinz. (Ginn and Company. 40c.)

Summer Songs in Idleness. By Katherine H. McD. Jackson. (Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.25.)

The Knocker. By Frank C. Voorhies. (The Mutual Book Company, Boston.)

The Twin Seven-Shooters. By Charles F. Manderson. (F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.00.)

The Sciences. A reading book for children by Edward S. Holden. (Ginn and Company.)

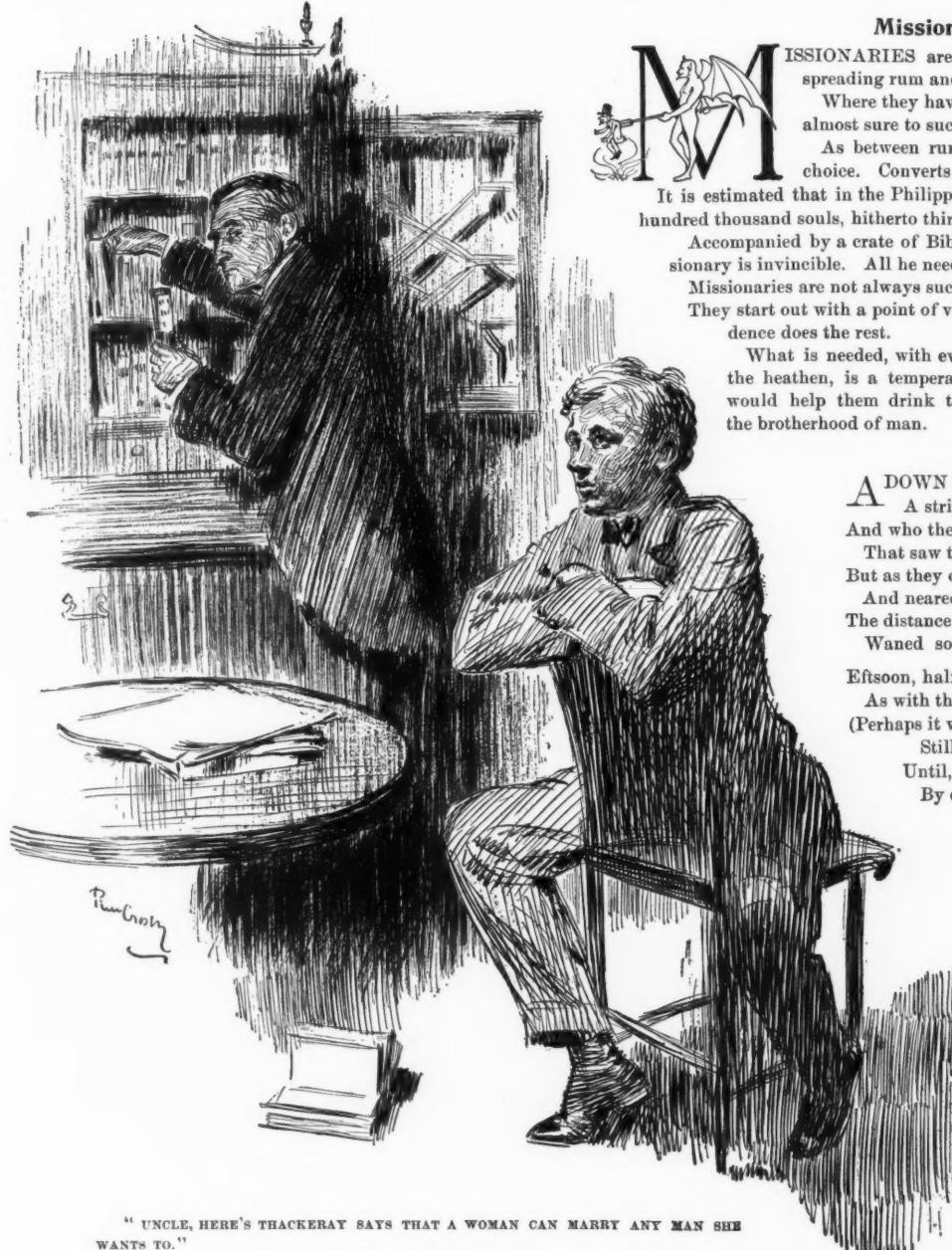


THE COMFORTABLE INDIVIDUALIST.

"FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T SEE WHAT THAT SOCIALIST IS HOWLING ABOUT."

" DID you have a good time at Raspberry Park, dear?"

GUEST: I should say not. Every man there was either leading a new life, or pushing it in its go-cart.



"UNCLE, HERE'S THACKERAY SAYS THAT A WOMAN CAN MARRY ANY MAN SHE WANTS TO."

"AND YET PEOPLE SAY HE ISN'T A PESSIMIST."

Business Sense.

"THE P. X. & Y. is the most enterprising railroad in the country."

JUMPPUPPE: Why?

"They now run excursions and observation trains to the scenes of all their important wrecks."

"HE considers himself different from others."

"Well, he needn't boast of it; the dime museums are full of things like that."

INVITATION is the sincerest flattery.

Missionaries.



MISSIONARIES are manufactured for the purpose of spreading rum and religion to the remotest lands.

Where they have a double purpose like this, one is almost sure to succeed.

As between rum and religion, there is usually no choice. Converts are counted by millions.

It is estimated that in the Philippines alone rum has converted over a hundred thousand souls, hitherto thirsting in vain.

Accompanied by a crate of Bibles and a cargo of rum, every missionary is invincible. All he needs is an army to back him up.

Missionaries are not always successful. Some die poor.

They start out with a point of view and a popular brand, and Providence does the rest.

What is needed, with every missionary who tries to convert the heathen, is a temperance lecturer to go with him. He would help them drink the rum, thus promoting the spirit of the brotherhood of man.

The Stroll.

A DOWN the road there slowly strolled
A stripling and a lass—

And who them indiscreet might hold

That saw them thuswise pass? | |

But as they onward gently drew

And neared a glade, I wis

The distance now betwixt the two

Waned somewhat like to this: | |

Eftsoon, half hid from prying stares,

As with the shade they merged

(Perhaps it was from fear of bears!)

Still more the pair converged: | |

Until, as squirrels will endorse,

By deeper gloam beset

They farther wabbled

in their course;

And presently they

met: H

And here, through heart magnanimous,

I'll end this little tale

With John and Mary

strolling thus

Amidst the thick-grown vale:

A

Edwin L. Sabin.

A Natural Desire.

S-M-TH: I wonder what Br-wn intends to do with all the money he got for those historical novels he wrote.

J-N-S: He intends to travel. He feels that he ought to visit some of the places he wrote about; just to see what they are like.

W-HY does he so dislike ministers?"

"He can't forget that one of them performed his marriage ceremony."

• LIFE •

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

IN spite of many days of rain, the season just passed has brought health and pleasure to thirteen hundred and seventy-two children from the city. There has not been a single case of sickness. This record of health is phenomenal, when one realizes the condition of many of the children on arrival, and the green apples on the place. Apropos of eating, one colored boy absorbed, at one sitting, seventeen pieces of bread, five bowls of milk, and various lemon and ginger snaps.

A little girl, after her return to the city, wrote to Mrs. Mohr, "All the mothers think there children are very fat and brown." Another girl wrote :

"When I got home my mother told me to go and wash my face, but I told her I was sun burnt."

The season opened June 12th and closed September 11th.

STATEMENT.

Balance on hand at beginning of season	- - - - -	\$2,781.39
Received during the season 1903 to date	- - - - -	6,039.62
		\$8,821.01
Expenses	- - - - -	\$2,831.58
Transportation	- - - - -	1,069.24
Pay Roll	- - - - -	1,545.00
New pavilion, plumbing and repairs	- - - - -	410.57
		\$5,856.39
Balance on hand	- - - - -	\$2,964.62

Even More.

FORRESTER: Does your wife mean everything she says?

LANCASTER: Yes, and lots of things she doesn't say.

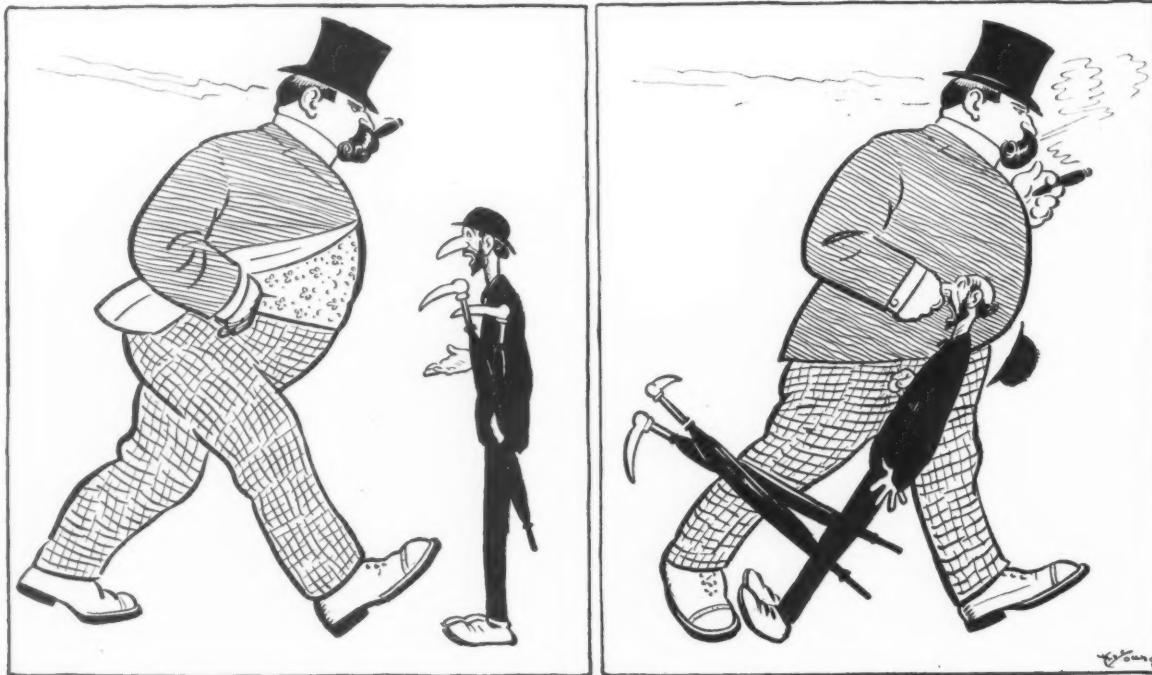


THAT was a very pretty wedding, some twenty years ago, of Miss Nixie Morralls to Mr. Orval Mannors. It was only eight years ago that she left her husband and eloped with Charlie Yuceliss. Society, of course, was scandalized.

But it is all right now. Society has indorsed the whole proceeding. The runaway's aunt, Mrs. Rotten Morralls, gave a lunch last Friday to the erring niece, and some of our best people were present. So Mrs. Charlie is all right again.

Among those present at the lunch were Mrs. Poorleigh Bredd, Mrs. Nuntoo Klevor, Mrs. Baddicks Ample, Mrs. O. C. Munnidrunk, and Mrs. Hookairs Enniweigh.

For those scoffers who pretend that fashionable society does not produce any men of real superiority, we will mention a few citizens who can be seen any day on the Avenue: Reginald Pusher, who took four ribbons at the last horse show; J. Gadding Gadding, who is first vice-president of the Alimony Club; Justor Kubb, who can drive a four-in-hand with his hat on, and Blazé Rounders, who is treasurer of the Co-respondents' League.



"UMBRELLUS! SEVENDY-VIVE CENTS. UMBRELLUS!"

"KEEP THE CHANGE."



Copyright, 1903, by Life Publishing Co.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUCKS.

He Wanted to Know.

POLITICAL ORATOR : All men are born equal.

VOICE IN AUDIENCE : Then why is it some men get more for their vote than others ?



A FAD.

She : AREN'T THE HORNS A LITTLE PROMINENT?

"YES, BUT THAT'S THE WAY THEY'RE ALL HAVING 'EM TAKEN LATELY."

"Whom the Gods Destroy."

THE portraits of the Duchess of Westminster show a sweet, girlish face. One cannot help but feel sorry for her Grace in her determination to omit American women from her grand parties.

We have a saying that you can't keep a good man (*Americanus bonus*) down, or a rich woman (*Americana opulenta*) out.

It will be interesting to observe whether the British have enough sense of humor to detect the solecism of calling a party grand from which the most diamond-wearing people history makes record of are omitted.

Strenuous Inaction.

FIRST POET : That's just like Fame !

SECOND POET : What's just like Fame ?

"She never does swoop down on an author until he's got so old and sensible that he'd lots rather sit by the fire at home in the evenings than go to banquets."

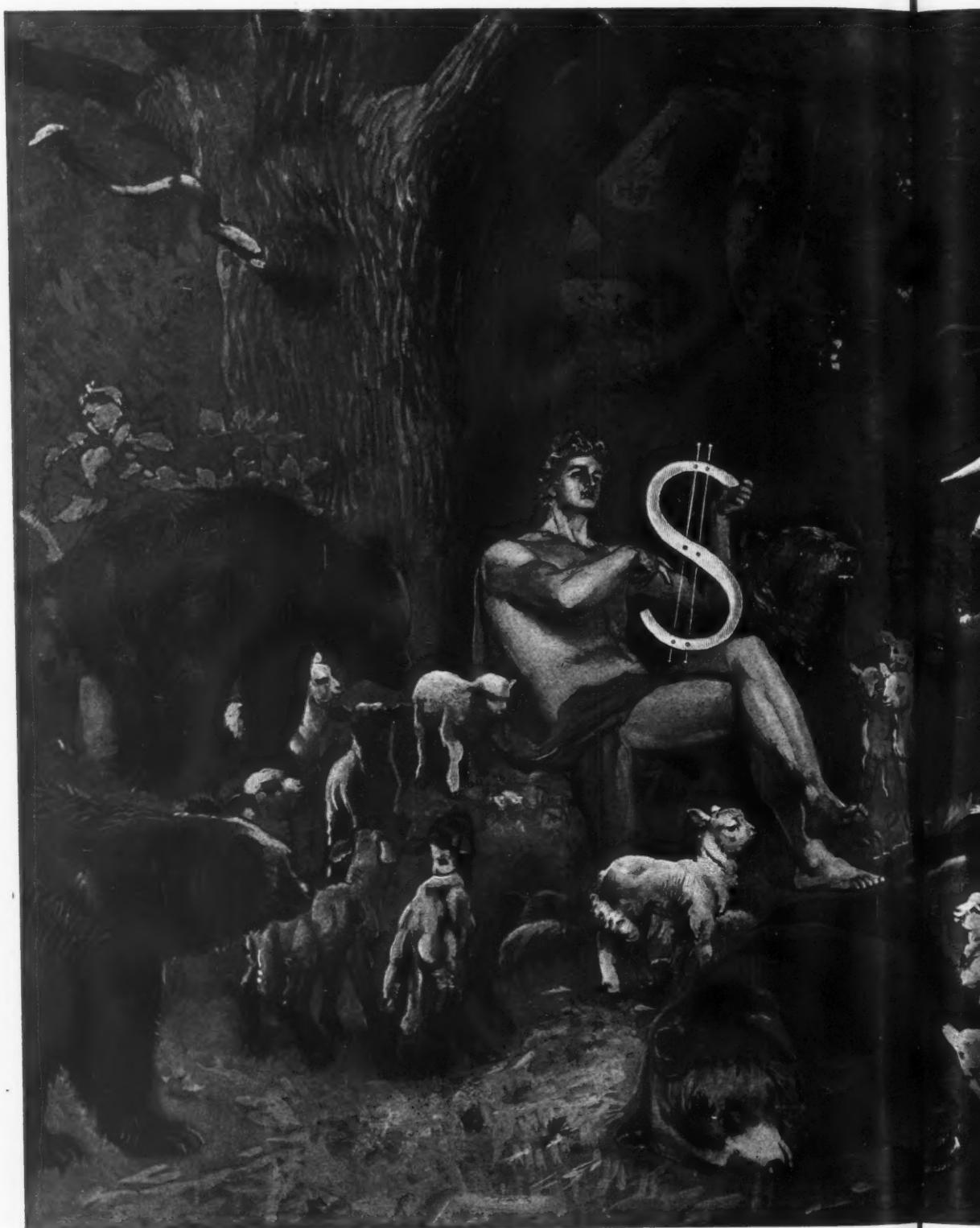
In the Modern Jerusalem.

"DID you hear of the excitement on the Lexington Avenue car?"

"No."

"A man was arrested as a suspicious character because he wore no diamonds."

•LE•



THE POF MUSIC

A STOCK-BROKERAGE OF A

LE.



THE POF MUSIC.
K-BROKETION OF APOLLO.

• LIFE •



Sundry and Divers.

IT is evidently much easier for Mr. John Drew to be fitted with clothes than with plays. We have it on the authority of one of the tailors whom the newspapers consult when they want to know how a gentleman should dress, that Mr. Drew is one of the best dressed men on the American stage. If this is true, it is a pity, judging by "Captain Dieppe," that Mr. Drew's tailors do not also write his plays. The part of *Captain Dieppe* is in the conception not so badly adapted to Mr. Drew's requirements and abilities, but the authors—Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhodes—have thought wise to overload it with unimportant and uninteresting speeches to the point where one tires of a character which might, with a little more action and a little less talk, be made thoroughly charming. This defect appertains to and touches on the play throughout. The one character very much to the point, and who helps the action rather than retards it, is *Madam* (programme spelling) *Savier*, the blackmailing wife of the French secret service officer. She has some things worth while to say and to do, and is made to say them and do them very well by Alison Skipworth. Margaret Dale has the opposite rôle to Mr. Drew's, and, barring a tendency to overwork her facial muscles under the mistaken notion that she is thereby expressing something, is both charming personally and quite up to the not great requirements of the part.

Ethel Hornick is also sufficient as the *Countess of Fieramondi*, Mr. Louis Baker is miscast as a sort of tame-cat priest, Mr. Sydney Herbert is too slow and heavy as a French detective, and the young men assigned to the important juvenile parts have made a mistake in choosing acting instead of some more mechanical pursuit.

Their entertainment this season is of the same character as that of former years, but neither in music, fun nor originality is it up to the former standard. The defection of Fay Templeton from their ranks is a serious loss, and nothing has been supplied to take her place. Mr. Weber is still the same really funny little German of yore, and the addition of Mr. Louis Mann—also funny—provides him with an admirable foil. The annual



BESSIE TYREE IN
"VIVIAN'S PAPAS." not very interesting in

itself, and it certainly is not a good play for Mr. Drew. *

MISS BESSIE TYREE has been injected into the cast of "Vivian's Papas," with the idea of redeeming the piece from the coarseness for which it was criticised during its early performances. This may be all right for the play and the papas, but it's a bit severe on Miss Tyree.

THE Weber and Fields cult is one of the curiosities of New York life. It is based on the undisputed fact that the attractions they provide have been, and to a considerable extent are, laughable and good of their kind, and that these managers have been adroit enough, at large expense, to keep themselves surrounded by clever artists. This has made them the amusement gods of the Tenderloin, and the entertainment they provide is a crystallization of what the Tenderloin holds to be absolutely best in the way of stage diversion. To the enlightened mind, however, it seems strange that even for such entertainment large numbers of persons should be willing to endure what they must to witness a Weber and Fields "show." It is quite certain that many of their patrons wouldn't undergo so much to get into heaven. First, to secure seats one must submit to what is practically highway robbery. To get to the seats one must squeeze and push and fight through the mob of standees with which—contrary to the fire laws, we believe—Weber and Fields pack the passages of their music hall. When the seats are reached the space allotted to each is so small as to make its occupation physical torture to the person of average size. The construction of the building makes the temperature that of a Turkish bath, and the air poison to the lungs. Should there be a fire or a suggestion of fire in this house during a performance—but there are some horrors LIFE prefers not to imagine. In spite of these things New York's curious public gives Weber and Fields a patronage unequalled by that given to any theatre in town. The public is good to Weber and Fields. In their greed for getting the utmost possible dollar, Weber and Fields are not good to the public.

Their entertainment this season is of the same character as that of former years, but neither in music, fun nor originality is it up to the former standard. The defection of Fay Templeton from their ranks is a serious loss, and nothing has been supplied to take her place. Mr. Weber is still the same really funny little German of yore, and the addition of Mr. Louis Mann—also funny—provides him with an admirable foil. The annual



A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FIREPROOF RELIEF. INSCRIPTION NOT YET FULLY DECIPHERED.

Choe: VY-IS-AIND'T-MONEY-YET-YES!
Lou: EXPLANASHUN ME-VAT?—TIAMONTS—
NO—AIN'D IT YET?

burlesque is a review of the humorous characters in the humorous supplements of the yellow journals. Even the Tenderloin seems to have tired of them. *Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—Charles Warner in "Drink."

Belasco.—"The Darling of the Gods." Scenically beautiful production of Japanese tragedy.

Bijou.—William Collier in "Personal." Not very much.

Broadway.—Orrin Johnson in "Hearts Courageous."

Casino.—"The Runaways." Musical comedy. Elaborately staged.

Criterion.—Charles Hawtrey in "The Man from Blankley's." Very sketchy but amusing.

Daly's.—"Three Little Maids." Delightfully acted and sung musical comedy.

Garden.—"Ulysses." Classical drama, scholarly in tone and well staged.

Garrick.—Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way."

Herald Square.—John Drew in "Captain Dieppe." See above.

Knickerlockers.—The Rogers Brothers. The limit in vulgarity and bad taste.

Lyric.—Richard Mansfield in "Old Heidelberg."

Madison Square.—Grace George in "Pretty Peggy." Curious but fairly interesting drama based on the career of Peg Woffington.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler."

Murray Hill.—Edward Harrigan in "Under Cover." Revival of the Harrigan drama. Amusing.

Princess.—"The Earl of Pawtucket." Clever and laughable comedy, well acted.

Wallack's.—"Peggy from Paris." Light-weight musical comedy.

Weber and Fields's.—"Whoop dee-doo." See above.

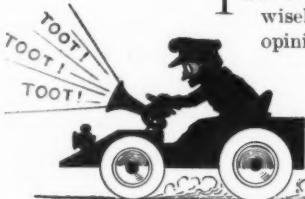


*She: DID YOU SAY ANYTHING TO PAPA ABOUT YOUR BEING TOO YOUNG?
"YES. BUT HE SAID WHEN I ONCE BEGAN TO PAY YOUR BILLS, I WOULD AGE RAPIDLY ENOUGH."*

From One Point of View.

THE old automobilist smiled wisely as he was asked his opinion on the subject of matrimony.

"The kind of a wife that a man selects," he observed, "depends altogether upon himself. In the beginning he is young and inexperienced



and is satisfied with a modest, low-running article of moderate power, one that will carry him along on short trips and isn't of much help in climbing hills. Then he gets more ambitious. He wants one that goes a faster pace. One that he can manage himself and yet not be ashamed of anywhere. One with an automatic brake and noiseless, that his friends will admire and envy and wish they had, and that will not go

back on him at every turn in the road. One, in fact, that speaks only when it is spoken to. This kind satisfies him for awhile, but by and by he gets restless.

"Give me a road partner," he says, "that can show a clean pair of heels to all the others—one that will make me, break me and take me anywhere, with no chance of explosions, and a million revolutions to the minute."

"Then I shall be satisfied—until something better comes along."

THE City of New York saves from one thousand five hundred to two thousand dollars a year by the sale of its worn-out fire horses. And yet there are people who say we have an extravagant municipal government.

More Cannibalism.

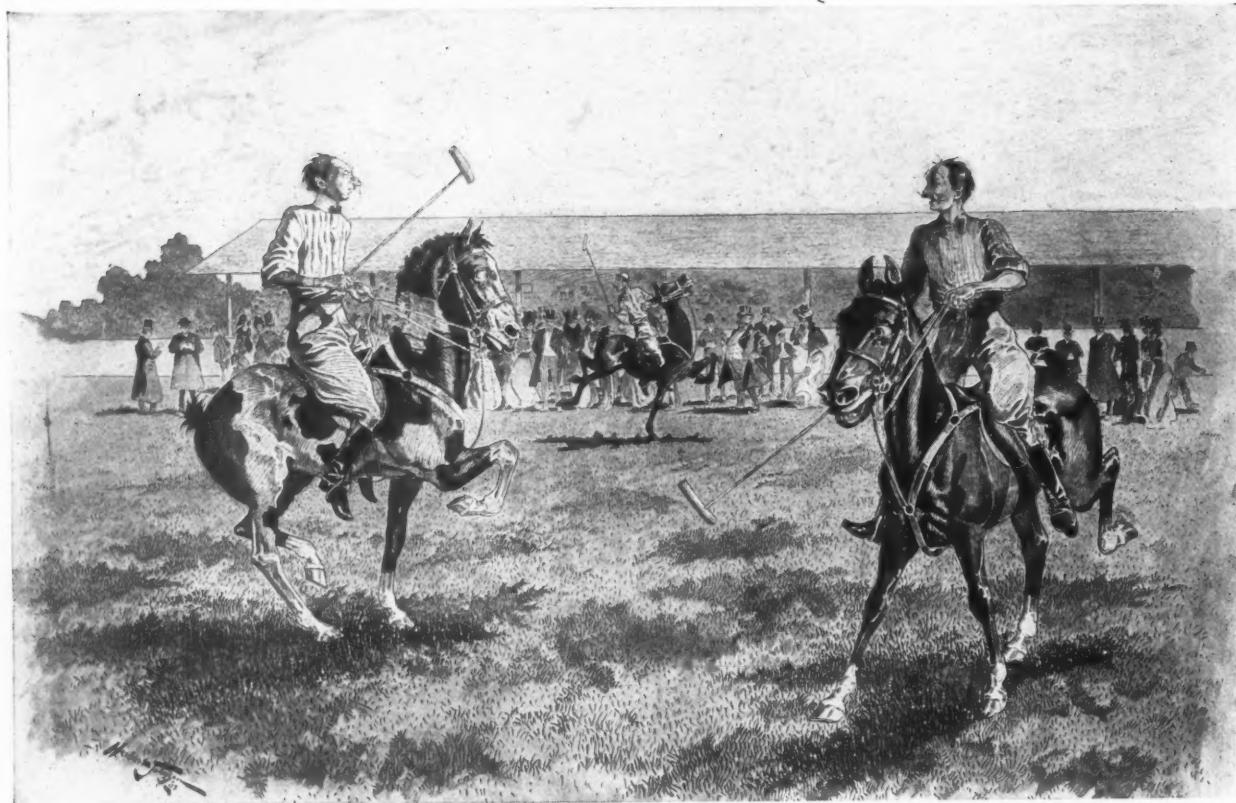
IF Edward Everett Hale,
I really do not know;
But Henrietta Crosman
And Harriet Beecher Stowe!

The Limit.

"HE'S a mighty mean man."
"In what way?"

"Why, he's stone-deaf, and he never tells the barber until he is through shaving him."





WARM.

"WHERE'S THE BALL, OLD MAN?"
"I SWALLOWED IT. IT WAS A HIGH BALL."

A Haunted House.

LOVE came to me grown sadly wise,
With little longing in his eyes,
Yet missed I naught, mine own so dim,
So blind, for very love of him.

He gave me housing in his heart—
Alone I live in every part,
Yet everywhere there seems to spring
Signs of another's tenantry.

I may not know her name or face
Who made this heart her dwelling-place,
Yet everywhere there seems to stir
The shadow of the thought of her.

Strange in this home of mine I rest
Forever an unwelcome guest,
Feeling her silent enmity,
That mistress whom I may not see.

Owner and stranger have I stayed,
Defiant and yet all afraid,
For they have dreams too strange to tell
Who in a haunted house must dwell.

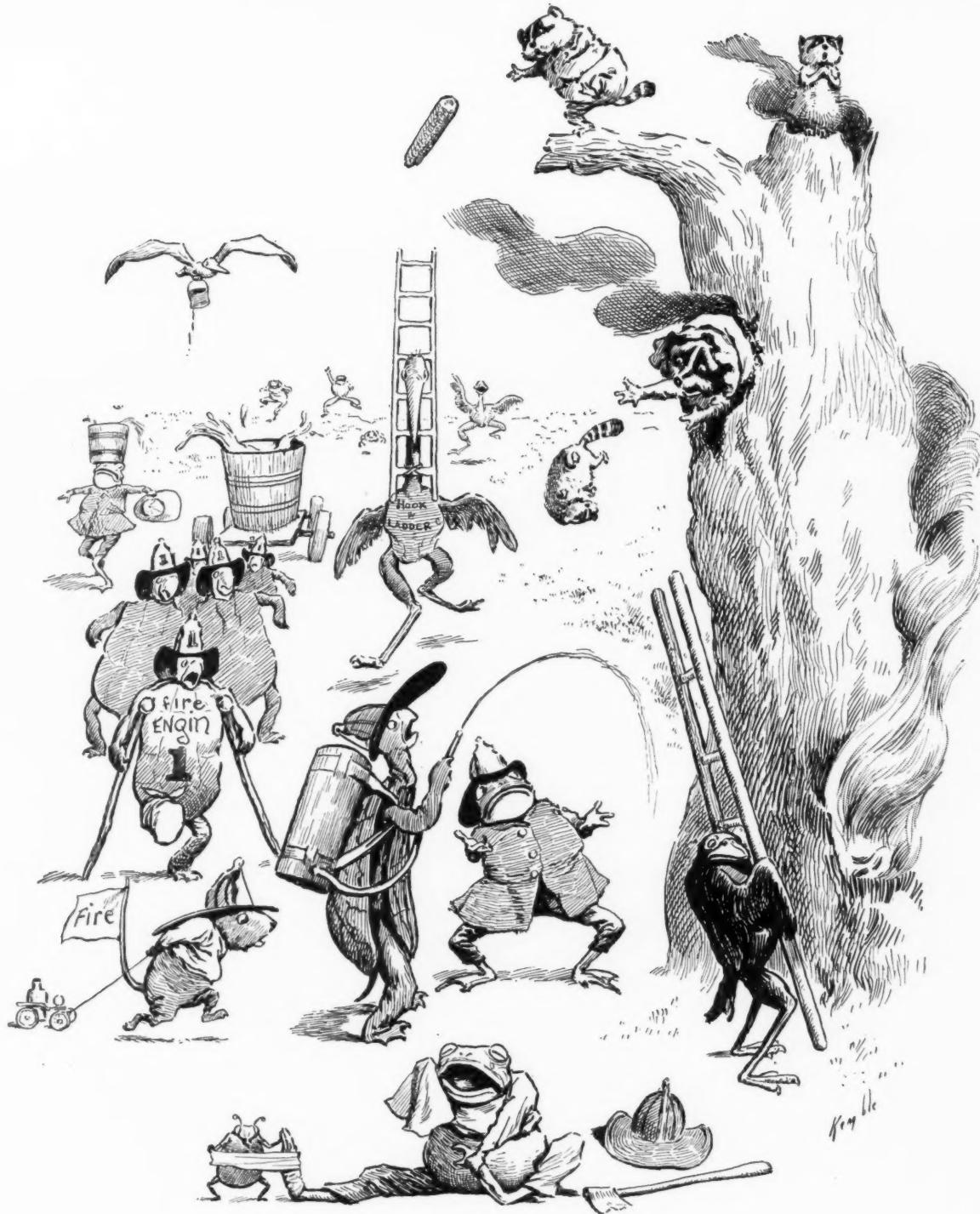
Theodosia Garrison.



W. L. Dickey



Daddy Longlegs (to Mr. Buzzfuzz, the Shoemaker): WHAT DO YOU CHARGE FOR HIP BOOTS, BOSS?



FROGVILLE SKETCHES.

FIRE IN THE OLD WILLOW TREE.

LIFE.



A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

G. Whillikins was a writer bold
Who never lost a chance;
While good at many sorts of work,
His best hold was Romance.
He wrote a lively, stirring thing,
A tale of love and youth,
With a dashing maid and a clashing blade,
But never a word of truth.
"It's very good," wrote the publishers, "but
the public taste at present is for character-study."

G. Whillikins then bled him home
To make another start.
He studied up psychology;
He took men's souls apart;
He learned the naive, the morbid,
The crazy, quaint and queer.
And wrote a book without a plot.
(Note: Time elapsed—one year.)

"Why didn't we see this before?" the publishers asked. "Political Economy is what's selling just now."

Once more G. Whillikins set out,
With economic lore
He soaked his very being full—
It oozed from every pore.
He proved all poverty a crime,
And chose a "workingman"
For hero, one who ran a strike
Upon a novel plan.
"Excellent," was the publishers' verdict, "but
not timely. We're doing the homely agricultural
now."

G. Whillikins did some thinking.
And thought this time he'd wait
Until the wheel had made its turn,
Instead of chasing Fate.
"I'll bide my time," said Whillikins,
"Until Romance comes round."
But when the cycle reached Romance,
It found him underground.
But his widow was wide-awake and drew royalties on some fifty thousand copies.

—Tudor Jenks, in the *Century*.

"WHEN I was young," remarked the seedy man, "I was an inventor. And one day, when I had the disease badly, I invented a machine which I called 'Mother, dear,' because it would call you early. It was a clockwork arrangement which was meant to stand by your bedside, and at whatever time in the morning it was fixed for it would drag you out of bed and force you into your clothes. There were a lot of other things attached to it as well, such as a machine which would black your boots, and an arrangement for making a cup of coffee and frying bacon, and so on. Well, I got it all completed at last, and it worked beautifully; and then I got a millionaire to come and look at it, so that he might find the capital to put it on the market."

"Well," said the listener, breaking in upon the silence; "didn't it work?"

"Yes," replied the inventor, sadly, "it worked very well. But that idiot of a millionaire insisted on trying it himself; and he lay down on the bed the wrong way for the machine, so that it dragged him out the wrong way up, and the boot-brushing apparatus got to work on the top of his head, while the other end poured hot coffee down the leg of his trousers, and when he finally got free he broke up my humble little home with the patent. That discouraged me, and I haven't invented anything since."—*Exchange*.

A SMALL town in Colorado, thirteen thousand two hundred feet above sea level, boasts a justice of the peace. Recently a suit was tried before him that stirred the community to its center, from the fact that one of the parties imported a lawyer from a distant city. The Philadelphia *Ledger* tells the story of the case:

That case dragged itself out to an unprecedented length, and the populace had never dreamed that law was so full of objections and exceptions, motions, protests, expostulations and the like, as that lawyer proved it to be.

But there was one thing he could not prolong, and that was the prompt, crisp, decisive "judgment for the plaintiff," as soon as the trial was fairly over.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, in tones of superi-

ority, "we shall have to take this case to a higher court."

"You can't do that, mister," replied the magistrate.

"And why not, pray?"

"There ain't any higher court. This court is thirteen thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and it's several hundred feet the highest court in the country."—*Youth's Companion*.

WHEN Bill Nye one day happened on the modest sign of the late Major Pond, the lecturer manager, in a window of the Everett House, in New York, he said to a friend who accompanied him: "Here's the man that incites the lecturers, let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life." Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head, and, after staring about for a moment, said: "This is Major Pond, I believe." "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the major. "I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye. "Ah—yes," said the major, slowly. "Have you had experience?" "Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years." "Yes. May I ask in what capacity?" "I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."—*Argonaut*.

MANY of the figures in Phil May's book, "Guttersnipes," were sketched from memory while staying on the river.

"One day," he said, when speaking on the subject, "I saw a delightful little model for my purpose, a dirty, ragged bit of girl humanity. I spoke to her and wrote a message on my card for her to give to her mother. Next morning she came in charge of an older sister, as tattered and unkempt as herself. When I had made my sketches of the two of them I asked the elder one if she had any more sisters like herself. 'Oh, yes, four or five, worse than I am.' 'Bring them round,' said I. 'Is the little 'un to come again?' she asked. 'No, I've done with her.' The next day they all came, the little 'un included. She had persisted in it, for she said, 'He's my artist. I found him first.'"—*Exchange*.

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There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

LIFE.



BLUE LAKE.

She wrote, "Let me describe Blue Lake: The house, I find, is rather small, The beds—they really make me ache, I don't get any sleep at all."

The table, too, is rather poor; Children and nurses rule the day, No screens in window, nor in door; The station's half a mile away.

And then, my room is scorching hot; So next week, dear, a move I'll make." He laid her letter down. "Great Scott! That's her description of a lake!" —Madeline Bridges, in *Brooklyn Life*.

EDGWOOD INN, Greenwich, Conn. The most popular summer resort hotel on the Sound shore for critical New York people. Now open.

A YOUNG and venturesome man was one day talking with the wife of a member of the Cabinet about some of the ironies of married life.

"I can't imagine anything more dreadful," said he, "than for a woman, after mending her husband's coat, to find in one of the pockets an old love-letter from a former sweetheart."

"Fortunately, that could never happen," said the lady. "The woman would find the letter first, and then she would not mend the coat." —*New York Tribune*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

THAT WAS a happy bit of a cold-blooded critic who, expecting to see more than he beheld, characterized international yacht racing as "water chess." —*Sporting Times*.

A JOURNALIST sat for many weary minutes in the waiting-room of one of our medical celebrities. His patience at an end, he called the servant and said: "My man, just go in and tell your master that if I am not admitted in five minutes I shall be well again." —*Exchange*.

A TROUBLED feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

"How savagely that cow looks at me," said the typewriter boarder from the city.

"I reckon as how it be on account uv that air red waist yew've got on, miss," answered the old farmer.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the key-toying maid; "of course it isn't quite up to date, but I'd no idea a country cow would notice it." —*Chicago Daily News*.

YOU may talk about your Champagnes, but I know of none as popular as *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry*.

NOT long ago, while out walking in Washington, D. C., Admiral George Dewey was accosted by an effusive stranger who grasped his hand and said: "Georgie, I'll bet you don't know me." The Admiral looked his displeasure as he answered, grimly, "You win," and walked on. —*Argonaut*.

"ARE the mosquitoes very bad around here?" "Bad!" echoed the native, derisively. "Mister, did you ever hear of a mosquito being converted?" —*San Francisco News Letter*.

"DOES your wife do much fancy work?" "Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes." —*Exchange*.

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LIFE.

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